Pal. You have made me
(I thanke you Coſen *Arcite*) almoſt wanton
With my Captivity: what a miſery
It is to live abroade? and every where:
Tis like a Beaſt me thinkes: I finde the Court here,
I am ſure a more content, and all thoſe pleaſures
That wooe the wils of men to vanity,
I ſee through now, and am ſufficient
To tell the world, tis but a gaudy ſhaddow,
That old Time, as he paſſes by takes with him,
What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,
Where ſin is Iuſtice, luſt, and ignorance,
The vertues of the great ones: Coſen *Arcite*,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us
We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curſes,
Shall I ſay more?

Arc. I would heare you ſtill.

Pal. Ye ſhall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better then we doe *Arcite*?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I doe not thinke it poſſible our friendſhip
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deathes it cannot

Enter Emilia and her woman.

And after death our ſpirits ſhall be led
To thoſe that love eternally. Speake on Sir.
This garden has a world of pleaſures in't.

Emil. What Flowre is this?

Wom. Tis calld Narciſſus Madam.

Emil. That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,
To love himſelfe, were there not maides enough?

Arc. Pray forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard hearted?

Wom. They could not be to one ſo faire.

Emil. Thou wouldſt not.

Wom.

Wom. I thinke I ſhould n
Emil. That's a good wo
But take heede to your kind
Wom. Why Madam?
Emil. Men are mad thin
Arcite. Will ye goe forw
Emil. Canſt not thou wo
Wom. Yes.
Emil. Ile have a gowne
This is a pretty colour, wilt
Rarely upon a Skirt wench?
Wom. Deinty Madam.
Arc. Coſen, Coſen, how
Pal. Never till now I wa
Arc. Why whats the ma
Pal. Behold, and wonde
By heaven ſhee is a Goddeſ
Arcite. Ha.
Pal. Doe reverence.
She is a Goddeſſe *Arcite*.
Emil. Of all Flowres.
Me thinkes a Roſe is beſt.
Wom. Why gentle Mada
Emil. It is the very Embl
For when the weſt wind cou
How modeſtly ſhe blowes,
With her chaſte bluſhes? Wh
Rude and impatient, then, lik
Shee lockes her beauties in h
And leaves him to baſe brie
Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her modeſty will
She fals for't: a Mayde
If ſhee have any honour, wo
To take example by her.
Emil. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She is wondrous fai
Pal. She is all the beauty

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